

Paris, 28th March, Wednesday evening. 10 o'clock.

My Dear Girls

I must continue my letter to you on a large sheet of thin French paper; else I shall have a larger bill of postage to pay than will be altogether convenient when I send to Harare. I did not write last evening. I had no fire in my room and after running about all day over streets paved with little square blocks of stone which is very fatiguing to walk over. I came home fairly tired and went to bed soon after nine o'clock. Except calling on M. Delessert for whom I had a letter and a small parcel from Hooker, and whom I did not find at home, I spent the whole day in looking about the town, seeing sights, &c. My first visit was to the Louvre, a large and splendid Palace, where I spent an hour or two in the vast gallery of paintings, which fill a very large saloon and a long gallery I suppose 300 or 400 feet long, which connects the Louvre with the Palace of the Tuilleries. I have unfortunately however missed seeing which I most desired here, viz: the great collection formed by Napoleon which occupies these galleries, and which is still I suppose one of the largest and finest collection of the old Masters in the world. From the 1st of February to the first of June these rooms are used for the exhibition of the paintings of the living French artists, which are placed over the old pictures and hide them completely. This is very annoying for though I was interested in this collection of recent pictures, the largest by far I ever saw yet I don't care very much for these, and wish they were exhibited anywhere else but here. I passed through the room devoted in like manner to the exhibition of modern sculptures: but I shall take another day to visit the gallery of ancient sculpture, which was not open on that day, as also the galleries of Grecian & Egyptian antiquities. I can scarcely give you even a list of the other places I have visited. — The Louvre Column in the Place Vendôme, — the garden of the Tuilleries, the Place de la Concorde, the Arc de l'Étoile, the Champs Elysées, the Church of the Madeleine, the finest building by far I ever saw, — both within and without. — the Cathedral of the Dame, and a few of the finest churches, — an outside view of the Pantheon & the Hotel des Invalides. —

Many of these I shall see again. I shall procure prints also as far as I can. There are few very good ones, and with these before me I will try before I leave Paris to give you some little accounts of the most interesting places.

To-day I have been wholly occupied at the Jardin des Plantes. Fortunately for me Jussieuse speaks a little English, so I can get on with him pretty well. But you would have been amused at my attempts which Mr. DeCaisne & M. Gaudichaud and myself made to understand each other. Still more amused would you have been to see how I managed to make a bargain with a bookseller for a few books I wished to purchase. I feel the want of French sadly, and have no time for study.

Thursday Evening.

I have been again occupied the whole day at the Jardin des Plantes, and went at six o'clock to dine with Mr. Webb to meet M. Gay. Webb had taken care to ask an English student also who speaks French much better than he does English, who sat between Gay & myself and interpreted when it became necessary. But Gay speaks a little of what will pass for English, only here and there with French, so that I got on very well indeed. Gaudichaud was also there, - a very interesting man if one could talk with him. We were kept rather late, so that it is now past 12, so I must bid you good night.

Friday Evening.

I spent all this morning also at the Jardin des Plantes until past four, when I broke off, walked over into the other part of the town I dined at the Café Colbert, in proper French style, and ran about the streets until nine o'clock. I feel the want of French sadly, and am greatly bothered every moment, especially when I wish to make any enquiries or to purchase anything. I must devote my evenings and all my leisure time to study which I don't like at all; but it is quite necessary. I am looking anxiously for the arrival of the Harre packet which I hope and trust will bring me letters from you all. - it is an age since I have heard from you. - and also my parcels which I need very much. I was very much disappointed at not finding them here on my arrival. The weather has been quite chilly ever since my arrival here, but today it feels more like Spring.

Saturday Evening.

I write now in much better mood than yesterday. This morning, while I was at the Jardin des Plantes, engaged in my ordinary work, a letter addressed in a well-known hand was handed me by DeCaisne. You may be sure I was overjoyed once more to hear from home. You don't know what it is to receive letters in a distant and strange land from home and those you love, and you can't half imagine what a rich treat it is. The letter also informed me that a box and some previous letters had been sent on to Paris for me. So as soon as I could leave the garden I went across to the very opposite end of the town to the house of Welles & Co., to whose care I knew they were sent; but I was so disappointed at finding myself just a few minutes too late, for the office was closed for the day and every body gone. So I was obliged to come all the way back without the letters, and must wait as patiently as I can until Monday Morning, when I shall be there as early as possible.

Monday evening, 25th March

Mes très-chères petites Soeurs

I have made a regular holiday. I set out early in the morning for Place St. George at the opposite side of the town, to find my box &c, taking my breakfast on the way, and also calling for a few minutes on Baron Gelessert, who received me very cordially. At Mr. Welles' I found the box, which I sent over to my lodgings, and, what gave me most delight of all, the letter from your dear Mother and a short note from Jane at the end. This put me in most capital good humour for the whole day. Wishing to attend a meeting of the great Institute of France, which is held at 3 o'clock on Monday I found I should not have time if I went to the Jardin: so I rambled about until three; passed by the church of Notre Dame de Lorette again, went in and had another look. The interior tho' not equal to that of Madelaine, is of the same style of classical architecture, and is exquisitely beautiful. I can give you no idea of the ~~delicate~~ ceiling, which is extremely rich and chaste; and the whole walls are covered with frescoes (you know what they are, I suppose) which are very fine and produce a pretty effect. Here I saw for the first time an old woman confessing her sins to a priest. I had seen the confessions many times before; but never before

had I observed any benighted creature thus engaged. By the way, yesterday on my way to church (I heard again an excellent discourse from Rev. Mr. Soase of the Wesleyan Chapel) I passed by a very large Catholic Church in this neighborhood (St. Sulpice) and stopping for a little while, I saw some strange semi-heathen ceremonies. It was, it seems, le dimanche des rameaux or Palm Sunday, which they keep in commemoration of Our Saviour's entrance into Jerusalem when branches of palms were strown in his way. A long procession of priests in their gaudy dresses and monks with their black cords were coming out from the body of the church, that portion of scripture in which the account is given: they stopped in the portico, where after another chant, one of the priests read some kind of service in Latin, I know not what it was. In the mean time a vast quantity of branches of evergreens which had been blessed in the church were distributed to the great crowd of people who had gathered around the church, where they chanted the verses of the psalm commencing with "Lift up your heads O ye gates" &c. (Psl. 24:7) - in Latin of course, knocking at the same time upon the door. A chorus from within answered "Who is this King of glory?" and so on. Finally the door opened, the whole procession entered into the church singing as loud as they could bawl, and this service and Mass ceremony ended. In this church I noticed a chapel for offering and prayers to relieve souls from purgatory, I wished to copy the advertisement affixed to it, and perhaps will do so as I pass by some day. But to return, to my memoranda of yesterday. I spent all the time from 12 to 3 in looking into shop windows and in examining book stalls to see what I could find, and found just nothing at all. At three o'clock I went to the Institute, I found that the room was already crowded, I inquired for Jussien of Brignac, the only members I could think of that I knew, but they were not there and therefore I could not get in. After some time Jussien came in. But it was then too late, so I lost the object for which I had given up half the day. Jussien however took me into the Library, which is worth seeing. I employed the remaining hour or so in purchasing some prints of remarkable buildings &c. in Paris, and I was also tempted to buy a few engravings from some of the great masters. After dinner I went to Mr. Webb's where I looked at plants for a few hours. He gave me also some autographs of celebrated botanists, and a few old botanical books.

Many thanks to Jane for her letter, which I value much, and expect by the next ship the promised epistle from Eliza, Margaret & Henry. I think on the whole I shall not marry in France or England. It would be so far for my wife to go when she wished to see her friends, so Jane will perhaps stand a better chance to get a piece of the wedding-cake. Dr. Buck you know picked up his wife in Switzerland. I have a letter to that family. Madame Wolff gives lodgings to a few strangers, and has

still a few daughters left. I shall stop there if I can, and since I have heard the family spoken of in such terms of praise who knows but I may bring a second of the family to New York! What do you think of this? I shall receive letters from you I hope, at Geneva, and you can give me your opinion about the matter. Of course I must see the lady before I can make up my mind altogether. But Mr. Putnam who has seen them likes them very much. But for the present, Adieu, my dear pets, and believe me ever your attached & faithful brother

Friday Evening, 29th March

I resume my pen after an interval of a few days during which I have had very little time to write, and what time I had has been in part occupied in writing a letter to your dear Mother, which I have sent by way of London. I found out on Monday last that the packet from Havre for New York had just sailed, and that there would not be another before the 24th of April. Now your kind letters have made me flatter myself that you would be somewhat disappointed to get no letters from me before about the first of June! So I have made what amends I could for my neglect in ascertaining when the Havre packet sailed in time to write by that last, and have written by way of London. Meanwhile I have had very little to communicate to you. My mornings have been spent quite uniformly at the Jardin des Plantes, and of course nothing that I could write you about dried plants would especially interest you. Nearly every evening this week I have been either with Mr. Webb, or Mr. Gay, both botanists, so you will not care for them. I have however had a little leisure just before dark, when I have occasionally gone into some of the Catholic churches, in which some kind of service is going on almost every hour this week, which being the last of Lent is made much of by Catholics. To-day is Good Friday, and High Mass has been celebrated in the principal churches; this is a ceremony that I wished to see throughout, and it is only on a day like this that I can do it; for tho' I have stopped for a moment or so at these churches on Sunday while on my way to a Christian place of worship, I should not think it proper to devote the morning of the Sabbath to such a purpose. But this morning, from some unaccountable reason (for I was asleep last night soon after twelve) I did not wake until near ten o'clock.

so that it was past eleven before I could go out. But I sallied out for St. Sulpice, which is very near me, without waiting for my breakfast, where I arrived in time to see quite as much as I cared for. When I arrived a long procession of priests and monks or choristers were moving up the aisles to the Lady Chapel, which is a chapel dedicated to the Virgin Mary at one end of the Church, with a statue intended to represent her, bearing the infant Jesus in her arms, and a shrine with candles burning before it: - all this you see in every large Catholic church. On this occasion the chapel hung throughout with crimson cloth, covered with figures &c in gold lace, and an unusual number of candles were burning before the idol. All those who formed the procession carried long candles unlighted, and walked in profound silence. After they entered the chapel some kind of ceremony was performed which I could not well see, then all their candles were lighted, the chief priest held up something covered with a red cloth, (which I afterward found out was a vessel containing the wafer that he was about to consecrate) whereupon all the people fell upon their knees, now the procession moved out into the body of the church, the chief priest still carrying this mysterious vessel covered with the red cloth, - he was received under a canopy of cloth ornamented with gold, ~~under which~~ which was carried by four attendants, and thus they passed down the aisle on the other side and round to the altar, the people all kneeling as the host passed by them, except a very few, sturdy heretics like myself I suppose, who stood bolt upright. At the altar there was a great deal ceremony, genuflexion, chanting, and so on, which I perceived was the act of consecration of the wafer and the wine which was brought by an attendant, and when it was finished the priest himself eat the wafer and drank the wine, and after a little chanting all was done.

On my way out of the church I saw another sight, which I have witnessed before. On a velvet cushion was placed a cross of silver having on it a figure intended to represent our Savior at his crucifixion, and the people as they passed stopped and kissed first the feet, then the hands, and then the breast of the image. To this little children were brought in great numbers by their nurses and mothers and taught to kiss this image, thus taking their first lessons in paganism. Until you see such sights, one can not realize how much cause of

gratitude we have that we were born in a truly Christian country, and taught to worship God understandingly. One has great difficulty also in believing that this was ever a ~~Christian~~ land in which true religion ever flourished; but I have stood in the very church in which the bells were tolled on the night of the 23rd of August 1572, as the signal for the massacre of several thousands Protestants. You will find a print of this church among those I send you by the next packet.

I went to my bankers this morning, and was fortunate enough this time to get there in season to draw some money, as my purse by this time had grown very light. I now decided to devote the remainder of the morning to a visit to the Cemetery of Pere la Chaise, a place of which you have doubtless heard, and a very interesting and curious place it is: - one which if you once see you will not easily forget, but of which no idea can be given by description. The cemetery is situated just without the barriers of the City, occupying an elevated and beautifully diversified spot of ground, of about 100 acres. From the highest parts you have a fine view of the city. The grounds are planted throughout with evergreen trees and laid out into walks and serpentine paths in a very pretty manner; the whole extent almost is crowded with tombs and monuments of every kind. The inscriptions are often very simple and affecting, but generally they are truly French. What strikes you particularly is the wreaths of flowers (artificial) and "immortelle" with which they are adorned. It seems to be the custom for the friend of the deceased upon every visit, or at least every year, to place a new wreath upon the tomb, and the number that you see upon many is very great. At the entrance of the Cemetery and for some distance along the street that leads to it are numerous stands where wreaths of this kind or crosses, or garlands of artificial flowers are exposed for sale. I bought, for Eliza's collection a small wreath of "immortelle" and a cross of the same kind. Family tombs are most frequently built and fitted up like little chapels, with a shrine, a crucifix, a candle-stick or two, vases of artificial flowers, a window of stained glass like that of the old churches. Others are surrounded or covered with flower beds, which are very carefully tended, and present a very beautiful appearance, with Wall-flower, Violets, Primroses and so forth growing luxuriantly and now in full bloom.

I infringed the law which forbids you to pluck these flowers, and gathered one or two bits in a quiet corner, where I was sure I was not observed by the gardeners, but I was too conscientious to gather more than was just sufficient for my purpose.

I spent two or three hours in wandering over these grounds, looking at the more beautiful monuments, or at those of celebrated persons of whom very many are buried here. I saw also labors preparing the "fosses communes" where the poor are buried at the public expense, in long ditches, in which the coffins are placed close by each other side by side; and after five years, ^{the bones} are opened again to receive a new supply. I could have spent very much longer time here with interest, but I was already fatigued.

On my way back I passed through the Place de la Bastille. All that remains of this famous prison is a huge figure of an elephant with a tower on his back, which I suppose belongs to it. A monument is being erected now upon the site. The garden of Plantes was nearly in my way home; so, I stopped there, worked for an hour (till 5 o'clock), went home tired as well as hungry, having had no breakfast but a small roll of bread I obtained near the Cemetery, - had a fire kindled in my room, and commenced writing to you. Just now the little daughter of the Concierge, a little girl of six or seven, who often waits upon me, has brought me a cup of coffee which I have enjoyed greatly, and now feel much restored. ~~After~~ French children are all pretty and graceful, and I am making the little girls acquaintance, as fast as I can; for it is difficult for me to understand her (and seems odd to hear such a little thing speak French), and in answer to some of my attempts to speak ~~French~~ to her, she answers "Je n'entend pas Anglaise, Monsieur".

What great lies the French news-papers tell! Yesterday morning the paper I was reading at my breakfast, stated that one of the gardeners who had charge of the bears at the Jardin des Plantes, descended into the enclosure for some purpose, and was seized by the bears, killed immediately, and almost eaten up before help was obtained. So when I arrived at the Garden I of course spoke to Delcaine about it, who was greatly surprised, for it seems the story was entirely a fabrication.

I see I have at length filled this large sheet; so I must say adieu for the present. But hope tomorrow evening to begin another. Ever I remain Your attached A.G.,

For Mrs. J.

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Paris, 2^d March, Tuesday Evening.

My ever dear and most precious Friend.

I have no words to express the joy which your kind letter gave me when yesterday I had the pleasure to receive it, and I know not how to thank you sufficiently or Dr. J. either for remembering me, and keeping my wants in view. You know what it is to receive letters from home when in a distant land; but here I was such a perfect stranger, surrounded by people who speak in an unknown tongue, surrounded with all sorts of petty difficulties. I had not heard from you for some time previous to my leaving London, and then from the 17th inst. to Saturday last I was without a word of intelligence. I thought it very probable that letters or parcels had been sent to Paris, but could find nothing at the Garden, or anywhere I thought it probable that they might be sent. At last Dr. Torrey's letter of Feb. 23 to March 1st came to hand (so far the most recent news) with the pleasing intelligence that you were all well and that a letter from my dear Mrs. J. had been sent some time previous to the care of Welles & Co at Paris. So I have to thank you all for your punctuality in writing ever since I parted from you, and I know very well that neither you nor your dear husband have much time for writing, and that it is fatiguing to write such long letters as I like to receive. With me it is a somewhat different thing. My pen and paper forms a link to connect me with home, and I am very glad to write whenever I can steal an hour for the purpose or have strength or energy left for it after a long and fatiguing day's work. When I get my desk open before me and my pen in my hand I forget that I am in London or Paris, but in thought am on the other and better side of the ocean. But I feel so sadly the want of time, where you feel it necessary to improve ~~the~~ opportunities that you now have but will not have again. But let me once get back again and I can tell you more in a day than I can write in a month. But I am wandering from my subject. As soon as I could leave the Garden after receiving Dr. Torrey's letter I crossed the town and went to Welles & Co; all expectation of course, but to my great vexation found I was just a few minutes too late; that the counting house was closed, and every body gone, and that I must wait until Monday morning.

before my wishes could be gratified. To this I had to submit as well as I could: but early on Monday morning I set out, took my breakfast on the way, found the boat arrived for me and what is best of all your kind and warm-hearted letter. It lacks only one thing, and that is a date. I can't tell when it was written only I know that it is previous to Dr. Torrey's which was begun on the 23rd Feb. But this is of very small consequence as you may judge, since I have read it four or five times without remarking it until now that I set down to answer it.

I was grieved to discover yesterday that I was all wrong in my impressions as to the sailing of the Packet from Havre to New York. I had reckoned on the first of the month, and had written some sheets already to the girls and was preparing a parcel; but I found at Nantes ~~too~~ that the Packets sail on the 24th, and that I was consequently quite to late for this month. I can't think of waiting so long; for you would think it very strange not to hear from me until about the last of May. So as a dernier resort I have commenced this letter in all haste, and if I can finish it will send by tomorrow's mail to London to the care of Mr. Putnam, who will forward it by the English Packet of the 1st. To save postage I will send my journals & letters in a parcel which I shall forward to Havre before I leave Paris, to be sent by the Packet of the 24 April from that place. I shall also write again by the same vessel. I fear you will think it odd that you should get no letter by the Havre packet of this month, but if this reaches London in time you may receive it as soon or very nearly. But I must break off for the present, as it is half-past one.

Wednesday evening.

A previous engagement at Mr. Webb's took me out this evening so that I could not stay at my lodgings and write a long letter to you, as I should have preferred, but the late it be I shall add a few lines to my sheet before I retire to rest.

There is little danger of my being spoiled in Paris by being over polished. In London one must take care to be always come il faut. There I took pains to keep myself rather spruce which I have continued here from the mere force of habit. But gentlemen in Paris dress any how; they don't pay half the attention to the matter which is done in England. - with the ladies it is perhaps different, but here I scarcely ever see ladies except in the streets & shops. - and restaurants! - At the houses of botanists I have only seen Mrs. Gay, - a very plain and good-natured Swiss lady.

As to parler-vous-ing, it not such an easy matter I assure you. You would laugh most heartily to see me in the Botanic gallery of the Jardin des Plantes endeavouring to carry on conversation with Gaudichaud or Decaisne. - the former of whom can scarcely read English, and the latter can speak only a dozen words.

little difficulty, a few sentences of such French as has not been heard since the days of King Pepin I am sure, and when that fails me I write in English, which DeCaisne can read and make him write in French in return, or else for short sentences speak very slowly and distinctly. From my ignorance of the language I am obliged to take great pains when I wish to purchase anything from the shops; for it is customary to put on an additional price to English customers. Fortunately my complexion and the style of my countenance is so far French that before I speak I am generally taken for a native, and I sometimes manage to make purchases without saying a word beyond a mere syllable. So I have to be very careful to avoid being cheated; but I am every day acquiring more knowledge and experience.

I shall not forget the furs in Germany. The silk-velvet it will give me pleasure to procure for you, and I shall probably purchase it here. Gloves seem to be very cheap here, and I may send some for yourself and the girls. I hear nothing farther about abandoning good old No. 30, Macdonald St. but if you do leave I had rather not know it at present, as I always think of you as there and don't like to have my old associations deranged. Before I left London I heard that the Chancellor had actually resigned the University and Mr. Aspinwall of New Jersey was to take his place, but you say nothing about it, neither does the Doctor in his letter, which is later. Is it true? The lectures on Anatomy by a Professor-ess must be rather queer, I think. I hope they were edifying!

If the business is likely to succeed well any quantity of female professors might be furnished from Paris in the various departments of the profession. The ~~sign~~ conspicuous signs of some of these wise-women in Paris are often excessively amusing.

I have been seized with a mania for collecting prints - on a small scale, and shall send home some very good ones, to adorn my parlor and study, at Michigan of course! There are astonishing quantities to be found here. I am endeavoring to get all the portraits of botanists I can, and from this I have been led to pick up ancient ones which show the early state of the art or old-fashioned costumes &c, and also a few choice engravings from the old masters, but most of these I can obtain better in Italy and Germany. Tell Dr. T. not to be alarmed for I shall not spend much money upon them.

As a general thing Paris is not very beautiful. But there are some magnificent sights I assure you. At odd and ends of time I have ^{already} seen most of the ordinary sights which attract the attention of travellers, but must leave all account of them for the Journal from Paris, which so far is addressed to the girls, though

I fear it will scarcely interest them or any one else
You will receive this sheet by the first of May I suppose.
The letters you write, say as late as by the Havre Packet of the 1st
June, Please direct to Munich, to the care of Erich &
Frères de Ruedorffer. I can hardly expect to hear from you
in the South, but by the time I arrive at Munich I shall be impa-
tient to hear from you. By the 1st June please write to
Geneva, care Hartsch & Co. Please thank Lane for me, most
cordially for her letter a la suite to yours (sweet upon sweet)
and say I shall answer it tout de suite, the expense of postage
only preventing me from writing by way of London. And so
dear little Herbert is already showing his teeth. I hope he will
get through the process of dentition without suffering from the nu-
merous disorders which so generally accompany it. Is he a good-
natured child? Does he ever cry? How I long to see him. I suppose
he has already changed very much from the wee thing he was
when last I had him in my arms. What shall I bring him?
I suppose he won't care for common toys.

If Mr. Brown does not call for his money, do with it
as you think proper. I know he would try to do without it, if
he could. If you have no immediate call for it, you may keep a
portion for me for I presume I shall return with my pockets
perfectly empty. If my good-natured friend Langdon calls again
to enquire after me, as very like he will please say to him I
would be glad to write him if I only had time, but that I cannot
secure enough to write half as much as I wish to yourself.
There is no American clergyman in Paris at present, at least I can
find none; but there is very good preaching at the Wesleyan Chapel
(Rev. Mr. Toase) and I am thankful for religious privileges greater
than I expected. By the way, can you find out if there be any thing
that our good Dr. Skinner would like to have from Germany, I would
like to bring him some trifle, say some Dutch Commentary that
he does not possess, or else one of the Fathers: for these old
gentlemen can be had cheap. Perhaps I may get him an
autograph of Calvin. I have some very old prints of Wycliffe,
Huss &c. but those I want myself. But I must close. I thank
you again for your letter, and hope for plenty more. Your
concluding words are as they should be, for I am, and for
ever remain the same faithful and fondly attached
(Calum non animum mutant qui trans ~~more~~ mare currunt) Gray.

Thursday Morning. 28th March.

I have yet time for a few more words. I am going to fold this sheet in such a manner that the last leaf shall serve as the cover and I shall address it to Mr. Putnam at London, and write a few words of business to him on the inside. So don't wonder at the mutilated sheet you receive. Tell Dr. Torrey that I understood him to say that some letters were sent in the box to me; but I find none! I wish he had written, for Jussiae and DeCaisne complain that it is very long indeed since they have heard from him. Pamphlets they receive from time to time but no letters. The box I should not forget to say, came safe and sound. The copies of Flora I was indeed glad to get. I have presented one to Jussiae, ~~now~~ made de l'autre, and one to DeCaisne also. DeCaisne has given me separate copies of his papers. He is now publishing a most splendid (botanically speaking) memoir upon the Order Lardizabalaceæ, in which you will find out some things which have been known to Brown only for a long time. He will give you copies I dare to say. He is one of the best botanists here. I like Gandichaud also very much. But I ~~haven't~~ not ⁱⁿ ~~in~~ ^{got} any of the sets of Brasses that Brown ^{has} ~~had~~ Lyceum prepared for me. Has Dr. T. sent them all to ~~you~~ ^{me}? If not I wish one could be sent to Mr. Webb here. But if the Doctor will send them all to Hamburg I will distribute them from there. I have just finished the examination of Michaux's herbarium, which has proved worth looking over. I shall write Doctor more particularly, indeed have already begun a letter for him. Mr. Webb showed me last evening a letter from Hooker, which contained a good deal of botanical intelligence for himself and me. The British Antarctic expedition, he says is to sail positively in August, and Joseph is to go. I wonder if they will be two years or so in getting off. My last barrel of letters left in London to go by the Great Western on the 23rd I hope have met with no delay. It begins to feel a little like spring here, but the spring is always late here. I hope soon to be in a warmer climate. Are you going out of town this ensuing summer? Let me know where you will be. The summer will soon be near, and as rapidly pass by, and then, a kind Providence permitting, you may expect again to see your attached

A. Gray

To Dr. John Torrey
No 30, Macdougal Street
New York.

Friend
is to